

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1891, by MITCHELL & MILLER.



THE RESULT OF OBSERVATION.

He: I DON'T SEE HOW A GIRL CAN MARRY A MAN SHE'S KNOWN ONLY TWO WEEKS!

She: AND I DON'T SEE HOW SHE CAN MARRY ONE SHE'S KNOWN LONGER.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
The Celebrated

CHOCOLAT MENIER

Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.
Write for Samples. Sent Free. Menier, Union Sq., N. Y.

Stern Bros.

direct attention
to their First

Spring
Importations

of

Extreme
Novelties

in

Ladies'

Trimmed Hats,
Bonnets &
Toques.

West 23d St.

THE Good Things of Life

Eighth Series.

The new volume for the year 1891 in this popular and successful series of collections of the best illustrations, accompanied by witty, humorous, and satirical sayings, from the brightest American publication of its class—"LIFE."

1 vol., oblong quarto.

New style binding in "cadet gray" cloth, with wide white band at top. This band is richly stamped in gold, with design by Attwood, and the lettering is stamped in dark blue, partly on the white band and partly on the gray cloth. Bevelled boards. . . . \$2.00

The third, fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of this series can also be had in the same binding at the same price.

Frederick A. Stokes Company,
182 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY.

The Latest Novelty in English Perfumes.

Zeno & Co's

HIGHLAND HEATHER.

Delicate, Fragrant, Lasting.

For sale by all dealers in perfumery.

Importers, Zeno & Company,

Munro & Baldwin, 1 & 3 Sun St. Finsbury Sq.
New-York. London, E. C.

DALY'S THEATRE,
BROADWAY & 30th STREET.
Evenings at 8.15. Matinee Wed. and Sat.
LOVE IN TANDEM.

"LIFE" BINDER

Cheap, Strong and Durable.

Will hold 26 Numbers.

Mailed to any part of the United States
for \$1.00, postage free.

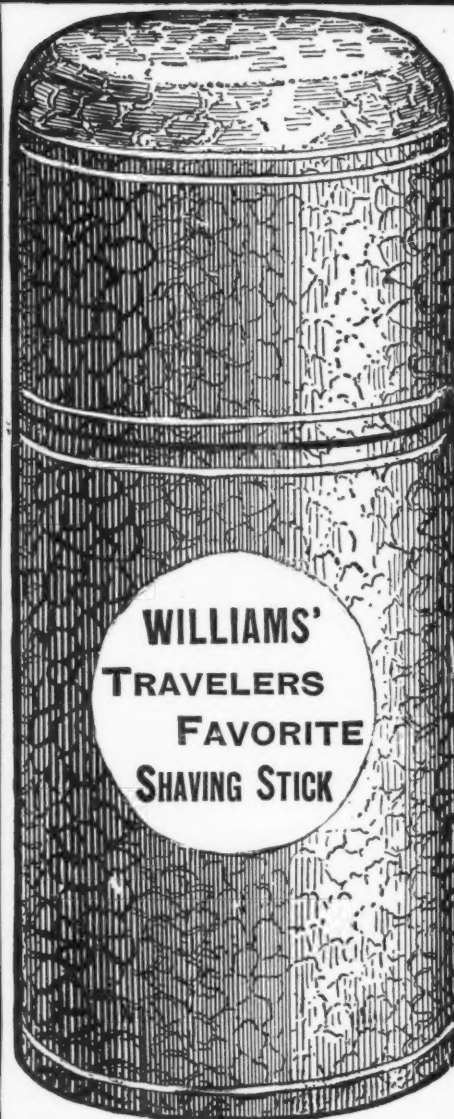
Address OFFICE OF "LIFE,"

28 W. 23d Street, - New York.

WE
PAY
POST-
AGE

All you have guessed about insurance may be wrong. Wish to know the truth, send "How and Why," issued by PENN MUTUAL LIFE, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

8 Per Cent. Net on small investments sounds good for money, but \$1,000 invested in Oregon Farms pays better than \$40,000 invested in Bonds. CROPS AND BANKS NEVER FAIL OREGON. Send for our new Prospectus. FARM TRUST & LOAN Co., Portland, Oregon.



THE SOAP

itself—is similar in quality to our world-renowned "Yankee" Soap.

Its 3 strong points—Rich—cream like—never-drying lather. Gentle medicinal and healing properties. ABSOLUTE PURITY—ever and always. All the world knows of the goodness of Williams' Shaving Soap.

The Perfume

is the most carefully selected ATTAR OF ROSES—the most delicate and costly of perfumes. No expense is spared to procure the very finest quality produced

The Case

is worthy of special notice. Other cases go to pieces! — WILLIAMS'—never! Lined with gold lacquered metal—covered with rich maroon leatherette. The Case is glove fitting—never comes off in your satchel. The neatest—strongest—most attractive little package ever made—and it costs no more than any other.

25^c

of any DRUGGIST.

DON'T PUT OFF TRYING IT—TRY IT NOW.

Ask your Druggist if he keeps it.

If not, he's behind the times—but even that is no good reason for your using any other kind. He will get it for you if you insist—or we mail them to any point in the world for 25c. in stamps. Address

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

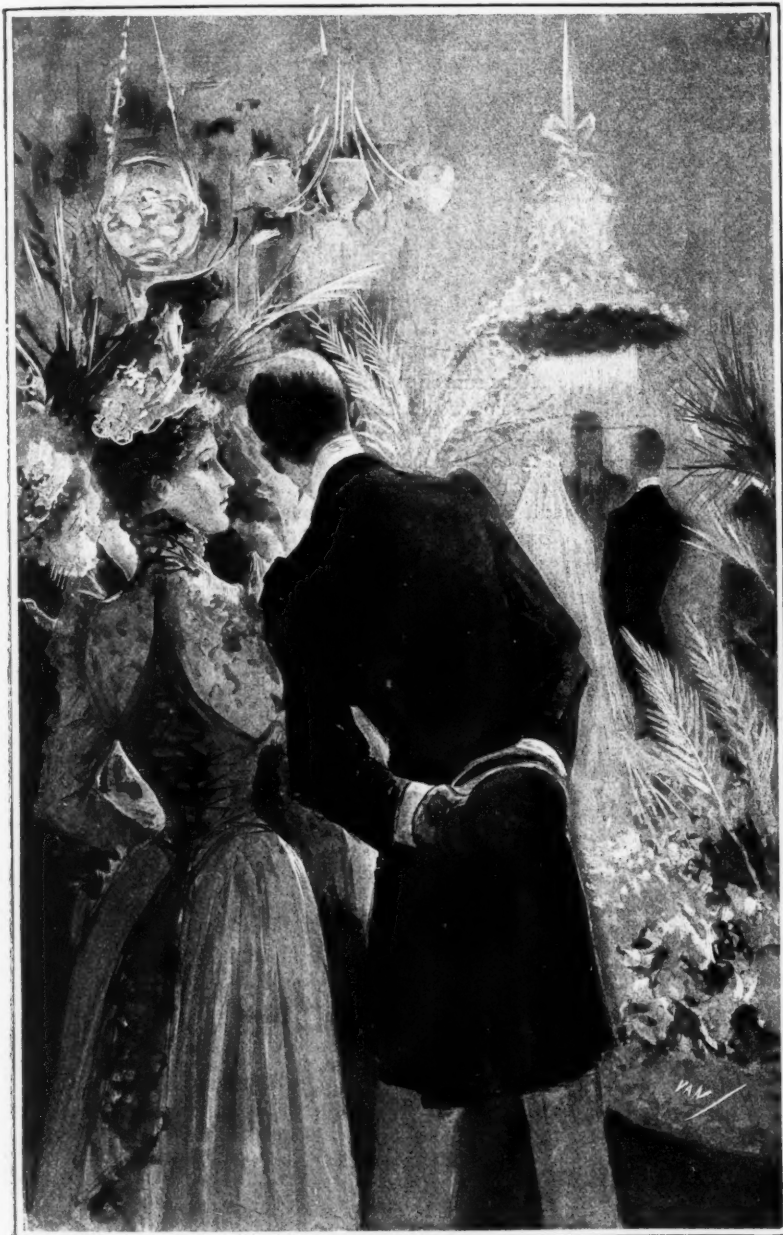
Makers of the renowned "Genuine Yankee Soap."

Of all Pure Toilet Soaps WILLIAMS' BARBERS' SOAP is the Purest. The As delicate as cream. A balm for the hands and face. Pound Package (6 cakes), 40 cent mail. Heals "chapped," rough hands. Sample for a 2c. stamp.

VOLUME XIX.

·LIFE·

NUMBER 478.



She: THE BRIDE'S FATHER GIVES HER AWAY, I SUPPOSE?
He: NO. HE SOLD HER PRIVATELY.

A MASSACHUSETTS contemporary alludes to the present chief executive as "our pie-eating President from Indianapolis." Apparently this is intended for a contemptuous epithet. LIFE claims that this is unfair. Suppose we should speak of Emerson as "the late pie-eating philosopher of Concord;" or of Governor Russell as "the bean-eating governor from Boston;" or of that eminent philanthropist, George W. Childs, as "the scrapple-eating obituary poet from Philadelphia." It would be unfair, because all of these gentlemen are noted for other qualities, just as President Harrison is. There is a saying that "a man becomes what he eats," and it may follow that President Harrison will be a perfect pie for his political opponents next year, but this does not justify the use of the epithet. Speak of him, dear contemporary, rather as "our Raum-protecting President," or "our Russell-afflicted President," or "our Wanamaker-retaining President," but do not twit him with coming from Indianapolis, and being unable to restrain his mad passion for pie.



A "SMALL AND EARLY."



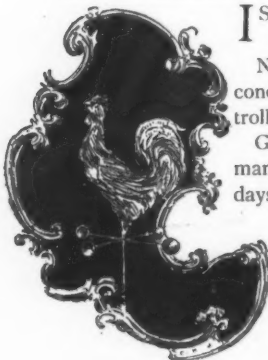
"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XIX. FEBRUARY 25th, 1892. No. 478.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Single copies of Vols. I. and II. out of print. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00. Back numbers, one year old, 25 cents per copy. Vols. III. to XVI., inclusive, bound or in flat numbers, at \$10.00, per volume.

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



IS there anything the matter with Grover?

No! Grover is all right. But so far as concerns the State of New York, his trolley's off; that's all.

Grover was never a distinct success at managing his trolley. In his palmyest days he was not only an indifferent politician himself, but was rather a difficult person for politicians to work for. He is a wilful man. There is no doubt of that. His greatest value lies in it. It is a good quality in the right sort of a president, but not so useful in a presidential candidate. Daniel Manning managed Grover's trolley better than anyone else, but Daniel Manning is dead. Now-a-days, whatever popular current is sent down the wire, the Hill trolley is ready for, and the current runs down into the Hill machine and makes the wheels thereof revolve. It is probable that more voters in the State of New York want Cleveland than want Hill, but Hill's trolley is on, and Grover's isn't.



THERE is one thing in favor of Mr. Cleveland, or of any other good man who may be Mr. Hill's rival at Chicago, and that is a little peculiarity about the presidential office. It seems to have the masculine trait of being a wooer. A candidate may set his cap for it, as most candidates do, but it isn't

quite safe for him to come openly a-courting. The office really likes to seek the man, or at any rate it likes to make believe it is seeking the man and go through the forms of a quest. It usually takes at least two men to make a President—one to sit around demurely at home, and wait to be courted; the other to go out with a sharp stick and persuasive ways to stir the office up to the point of seeking the can-

didate. Mr. Hill is trying to be both of these men himself, and that is where he will slip up. He might get the presidency for Mr. Cleveland, if he tried real hard; he may possibly get it still for someone else; but he can't get it for Mr. Hill. Experience teaches that to be a boss and to be a candidate are two different jobs, and that, though in state politics a clever man sometimes makes them work together for good, in national politics they become too big for any one man to handle.



THE wonder of it is that any one who has it in him to be really eminent as a boss should be willing to abandon the independence of that high estate for the uncertainties of candidacy. If a boss

could be sure of owning his President after he had made him, boss-ship would be indefinitely more desirable than the presidency. The trouble is that the presidency is so great an office that it is liable to swell its incumbent's head so that his boss can no longer manage him. This has often happened: indeed it usually happens, and is the main reason why the bosses maintain that there is but one virtue that is indispensable to political success, and that is gratitude. The boss's idea of gratitude is that the creature in office shall work for his boss and do good to him and his. The boss's notion of ingratitude is realized when a mistaken notion of duty to the people, or a mere whim of selfish ambition induces the office-holding creature to neglect his boss's desires. No one but a disappointed boss can realize how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have set up an ungrateful creature.

THERE is something almost pathetic about the depth of the conviction of the bosses, and sub and deputy-bosses, that the men who do the work should get the resulting spoils. The conviction is pretty regularly respected in these days and the pathetic side of it only comes out now and then, on great occasions, or when something stirs up the voters to demonstrate that the government is still a government of the people, and that there is a great army of quiet voters who are not tributary to any machine.

IT is slow work acquiring a fondness for electrical executions. The popular taste in judicial killing is chaste, simple, and impatient of scientific frills. The rope, the meat axe, or the bludgeon, may still supplant the steam engine and the wire in the punishment of crime. If the Keeley cure is as fatal as is alleged, why not use that? Which suggests that in the natural development of knowledge the future may be expected to provide a germicide which will destroy the criminal tendencies, and lie in wait to kill the patient at the first symptom of a purpose to raise a new crop.

AFTER THE BALL.

O'ER the snow-laid ways we noiseless rolled
Home from a ball on that winter's night;
'Twas a happy chance that had put me there—
A chaperon's sudden, fainting plight.
And now we two were all that shared
The cozy ease of her father's brougham—
With what sweet abandon she nestled back,
All down and fur, in its friendly gloom!

The streets flew by, our talk had stopped,
Should I grasp the chance which fate had thrown?
Her speaking silence gave me hope—

I tenderly whispered, "Madge, my own!"
She answered not; I touched her hand,
Her soft breath made my pulses leap;
Then a light shown in from a passing lamp;
It fell on Madge—she was sound asleep!

Margaret H. Welch.

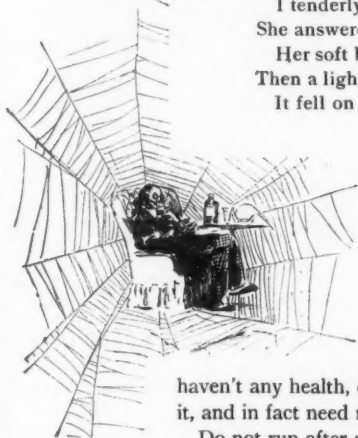
HEALTH.

A FEW remarks about the care
of the health are quite in
order at this season of the year.

Take your health to some safe
place and hide it. People are on
the lookout for health all the time
and they might steal yours. If you

haven't any health, of course you need not worry about
it, and in fact need not read this article.

Do not run after a cold. A cold does not run so fast
but that, slow as you are, you might catch it. Having caught it,
however, try to give it to the rest of your family so they will not
bother you with their sympathy.



First Burglar: BILL, YER NEVER HEAR NO ONE WHO HAS A GOOD
WORD FOR A HOUSEBREAKER. THEY NEVER TAKES INTO CONSIDERA-
TION THAT WE'RE OBLIGED TO BE OUT IN ALL KINDS O' WEATHER, AN'
THAT MOST O' OUR WORK HAS TO BE DONE WHILE LAZY FOLKS IS
SOUND ASLEEP IN THEIR BEDS!

Be careful what you eat. People who live in board-
ing-houses should pay especial attention to this.

Be careful what you wear. Wear good warm clothes
if you have them. Otherwise wear what you have and
tell people that they are warm.

Be cheerful. All you have to do to be cheerful is to
try. It is so easy.

Be careful what you breathe. If possible have the
air you breathe analyzed before you breathe it. At
any rate breathe as little as possible.

Do not sleep more than eight hours a day. You will
have plenty of time to sleep after you are dead. It is
therefore a waste of time.

Be careful what you drink. It is your duty to drink
something, however, as the government must have a
revenue. If you are invited to drink by a friend, drink
a more expensive drink than you would under other
circumstances. This will help you to be cheerful.

In case you should die you need not send the editor
of this paper your change of address, so that is one
thing less to worry about. Much as the inhabitants
want it, LIFE is not received at either place.

Tom Hall.



He: OH, IT'S JUST HIS MONEY! I DON'T SEE HOW
YOU CAN STAND A MAN WITH A NOSE AS RED AS A DANGER
SIGNAL.

She: IT'S NOT. BESIDES—IT WOULD BE DIFFERENT IF
I WERE A blonde; BUT ANY SHADE OF RED GOES VERY
NICELY WITH MY COMPLEXION.

AT making quatrains patiently I wrought,
They're such convenient cages for a thought—
My quatrains finished, I am waiting still,
For some convenient thought each cage to fill!

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK.



FEBRUARY 22, 1732.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, BORN IN WESTMORELAND COUNTY, VIRGINIA.



FEBRUARY 23, 1887.

EARTHQUAKE THROUGHOUT SOUTHERN EUROPE.



FEBRUARY 25, 1813.

CAPT. LAWRENCE, COMMANDING THE "HORNET," CAPTURES THE BRITISH SLOOP "PEACOCK."



SOME REMARKS ON "LIGHT" WOMEN, AND THE TALES OF A GENIAL.

A CORRESPONDENT is moved, by the recent remarks in this column on "cold-blooded villains," to ask whether there are not equal possibilities of good in the so-called "light" woman. When people hurl the epithet "light" at a woman, says the correspondent, "they apparently feel that they have finished her, and that she has almost no excuse for being. They grant, condescendingly, that she is lovely in her home relations, a judicious mother, a sweet wife; that her kindness warms the hearts of all who come in contact with her—the poor seamstress, the struggling florist. But they look condemnation, and solemnly say: 'She's so fond of society; so light.'"

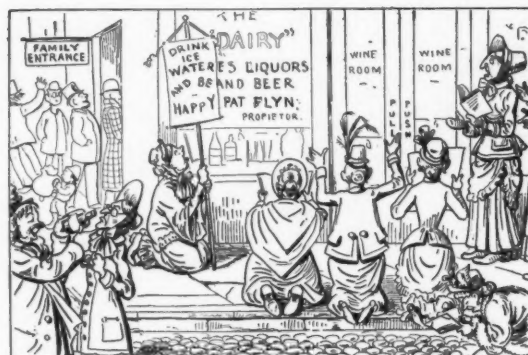
And then the correspondent asks several questions of LIFE, which have been referred to the Sphinx for a final answer: "Who is responsible for this morbid anxiety to be subtle and deep? Browning? Why is it so dreadful to be simple, easily understood?"

As it may be months or years until the answer is received from the Sphinx, LIFE has also consulted a private Oracle who lives in Boston. The answer of the Oracle is written in sublimated English on a parchment scroll. So far as a lay reader can interpret the inspired writer, the drift of his answer is as follows:

The present generation of young matrons were brought up on Boston novels. They have gone out of style now, but they flourished vigorously in a decade which closed not many years ago. As young girls they were taught by every book they read to be introspective and critical of their neighbors; always to have on hand several "soul-problems" to solve, and one or two men whose mental life was "to be raised to a higher level."

So long as the girl was young and pretty this was fairly good fun for the man (for a change from simpler methods of flirtation). But woe to the men of those days who married the women! They have been led to cry out, in the words of Stevenson, "The man who marries domesticates the Recording Angel!"

It is these wives who now spend most of their leisure at afternoon teas in hurling epithets at the new type of girl whom we all worship. She is tall and straight—"a man and woman for brains, legged like a deer, breasted like a swan, with a sheaf of arrows in her eyes," to quote George Meredith. She is so full of health, of the joy of living, that she has no time for "soul-problems," and would rather race a man across country on a good mount, than "elevate his ideals."



FEBRUARY 27, 1874.

WOMEN'S WHISKY WAR IN NEW YORK.

The Oracle says that the "light woman" has already come into her kingdom in the neighborhood of New York, and that she will soon have her day in other civilized communities. In the mean time she can only retort on the "subtle and deep," by calling them "stupid," and every man within hearing will agree with her in the bottom of his heart, though he may be afraid to say so.

THE beauty of James L. Ford's "Hypnotic Tales" (Puck Co.) is that they are intensely full of modern New York. Those who read them simply because they suspect that they are humorous will find to their surprise a lot of admirable satire. It is hard to imagine a better presentation of certain blemishes on the police department than "The Detective's Tale." In "The Genial's Tale" he has for the first time

classified a type and given it a name; so that now when you speak of a Genial, everybody knows what you mean.

Among the other sketches the best are "The Rich Presbyterian's Tale," and "At the Chromo-Literary Reception"—the latter a perfect picture of the sort of thing that the "New York Correspondent" of the *Bungtown Bugle* revels in.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

THE HISTORY OF DAVID GRIEVE. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

Women Must Weep. By Edgar Fawcett. Chicago: Laird and Lee.

A Sinner's Sentence. By Alfred Larder. New York: Edw. Brandus and Company.

Jack and Jill. By W. E. Brown. San Francisco: William Doxey.

LIFE'S FAIRY TALES.



WHEN Complacency and the East Wind were married they built a village on Massachusetts Bay and christened it the Hub of the Universe. Their descendants are countless, all possessing, in varying degrees, the characteristics of their ancestors. But, of them all, none inherited their peculiar qualities in richer fulness than Priggie, the heroine of this tale. She was the perfect type; the development in full flower.

One day, many years ago, as she was strolling along the Beverly shore, reflecting sadly upon the unconventionality of the ocean, and the general abandon and impropriety of Nature, she was observed by two fairies, who, disguised as sand peeps, were strolling about the beach.

"No mistaking where she's from," remarked one of the sand peeps.

"Could anybody want to marry her?" said the other.

"Possibly."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, let's try. Here's a man coming. We'll hypnotize him and have some fun!"

He was a Young Man from the West. When they cast their spell upon him, which was a very strong one, it worked with astonishing quickness. He gazed rapturously upon the maiden; then, after a moment's indecision, he approached her hastily, yet timidly, and with quaking knees. Removing his hat he bowed, blushed and stammered, but could find no words to express his love.

Priggie was shocked beyond expression at being addressed by a stranger. Her thin lips grew thinner, and her eyes shot

forth a freezing light that pierced the very marrow of his spine. An icy numbness crept upward to his brain. Like a frozen image he fell upon the sand. The fairies darted to his side and used all their magic to revive him. He soon recovered, and when he stood up and looked about him his love returned, and before the fairies could restrain him he hurried



"LIKE A FROZEN THING HE FELL UPON THE SAND."

after the vanished Priggie. She had rounded a point not far away, and for a moment he feared he had lost her. Seeing a gentleman seated upon a rock, he said:

"Have you seen her?"

"Seen whom?"

"The loveliest woman in the world!"

"I may have seen her, but 'twas years ago, and further South."

"No, no! I mean now, within a minute!"

"My friend," said the gentleman, "be calm, and describe this lady, for I have seen several, and know not which of them you mean."

"She has a face of intoxicating beauty," explained the



"SEEN WHOM?"

Young Man from the West, "eyes that fill the soul with Heaven and Hell at once; her eyes are to the eyes of other women as diamonds are to dirt. Her hair is a golden dream; her voice—her voice I have never heard, but her figure is a ravishment to the senses, a bewildering dream of grace. Have you seen her?"

"No, I have not seen her. I passed a girl a moment ago, but it was quite another. She had a pinched-up, snobby face: was distinctly uninteresting, and without a particle of style. There she is now, standing on the cliff."

The Young Man from the West, who had not listened to the last few words, exclaimed:

"Ah! 'tis she!" and hurried in that direction. Throwing himself at her feet he cried:

"Pardon me, oh, beautiful angel! but I love you more than all in life. I —"



THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE WEST DECLARES HIS LOVE.

"Stop, you unconventional horror," said Priggie in a dry, well-regulated voice. Priggie's words were always carefully articulated. "Do you realize your presumption? Are you aware that you address a Tchilli-Znubbha? Do you forget that my mother was an Offulznobb?"

"Oh, I don't mind that!" he cried, "if I may only love you!"

"Don't mind that!" whispered Priggie, as she tottered backward, with her hand to her forehead. "Gracious Heaven! can such ignorance obtain!" Then she repeated this couplet:

O Allah, who abidest in the Hub of the Universe!
Pardon the unpardonable ignorance of this kneeling thing,
Tho' immeasurably beneath us in the scale of Nature,
Smite him not. His ignorance of holy things is
His misfortune, not his fault.

Then, gazing pityingly upon him, she said:



PRIGGIE FAINTS.

"Young man, know you not that the blood of the Pursyprouds and the Hevvistiles, runs in my veins; that I am connected by marriage with the Pompusprigs, the Ha-Ha-Bloos, the Ho-Ho-Bloods, and with all the first families of the Hub?"

The young man answered, "These things scare me not. I love you for what you are. No taint of blood can turn aside my love!"

Priggie looked upon him with dilated eyes, then gasped and swooned away. Before he could catch her she fell to the earth. He raised her head gently in his arms, and finding her lips so near his own he put a burning kiss upon them. Priggie jumped as though a bee had stung her. Springing to her feet she drew her hand across her mouth as if to cast away the profanation; then muttered with a look of horror:

"Held in his arms, and kissed, by a stranger! What death too sudden? What grave too deep?" Then, in a lower tone, "The worst of it is we have been observed." Readjusting her hat and hair, she cast a scornful look upon the Young Man from the West, walked stiffly to the edge of the cliff, and stepped over the edge. The waves closed above her and that was the last of Priggie. The same sea washed the edges of the Hub, and therefore knew it was more *comme il faut* to retain the body than to cast it ashore and create a scene. And ever since that day the waters of this north shore have been colder than at other places along the American coast.

It is of no importance what became of the Young Man from the West.

J. A. Mitchell.





CUPID'S AUCTION.

CUPID & COMPANY
will sell,

*This month of February,
A stock of Loves, selected well,
Cupid & Company will sell*

*To man and maid ; to beau and belle,
Loves bright and fresh and merry—
Cupid & Company will sell,
14th of February.'*

This is Cupid's auction sale.
"Maidens rosy ! Lovers pale !
All attend ;" I hear him cry :
"Now's the time to price and buy !
Here's a passion short and gay ;
Love for a day !
Love for a day !
Take your choice ; perhaps you seek,
Love for a week !
Love for a week !

Now's your chance ; I offer
here,
Love for a year !
Love for a year !
Bid on this ; the price is high !
Love eternal !
It will not die !
HARRY ROMAINÉ.



WHAT LOVE AND A MAN CAN

· LIFE ·



ND A MAN CAN MAKE OF A MAN.

LIFE'S COMPLIMENTS AND REGRETS.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY has the assurance of LIFE's most sincere consideration and also LIFE's equally sincere condolences.

"Love in Tandem" is so stupid that it must pain Mr. Daly to see it on his stage.

It must also grieve him to see the remarkable excellencies of his company wasted on such dramatic trash.

And his anguish must become even more poignant when he thinks that he himself selected the play and adapted it to the American stage.

His suffering is doubtless ameliorated somewhat when he finds that he has injected some clever dialogue into the piece and when he contemplates the clever work done by his company.

Ere this he has doubtless taken himself into his study and after the self-infliction of several *coups de pied* has inquired of himself what is the matter with his powers of adaptation. He has probably reached the conclusion that he hasn't used good judgment in picking out his material.

And LIFE, with continued remembrance of what theatre-goers owe to Mr. Daly for his past successful efforts, renews its assurances of esteem and hopes he will do better next time.

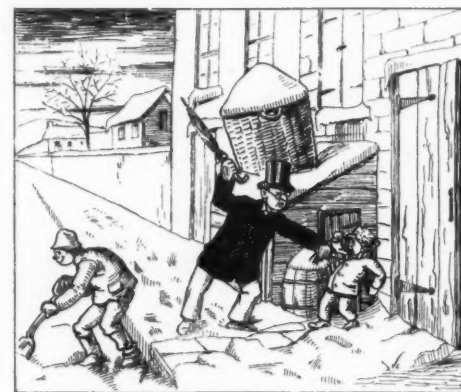
MISS AGNES HUNTINGTON'S new opera, "Captain Therese," abounds in catchy and musicianly music. The company is good and well trained. The action of the piece drags at points, but, is in the main interesting and amusing. Miss Huntington shows decided improvement in her dramatic work over that she did in "Paul Jones," but, owing to an attack of the grip, her voice is—at the present writing—beyond criticism. The piece is well mounted, the chorus being especially brilliant, and "Captain Therese," altogether, furnishes an agreeable evening's amusement.



He: YOU KNOW, THEY HAVE A FINE IDEA IN CHINA; THEY KILL ALL THE GIRL-BABIES, AND GIVE THEM TO THE HOGS.

She: AH! AND HERE THE GIRLS ARE NOT GIVEN TO THE HOGS TILL THEY HAVE GROWN UP.

THE TURNING OF THE WORM.



THAT REQUIRED COURAGE.

"WHAT particular incident in the life of George Washington marked his undaunted courage?" asked the teacher.

"He married a widow, ma'am," replied Benny Bloobumper.

NO TIME TO LOSE.

FIRST HOSPITAL SURGEON: Will it be necessary to set that man's arm over again?

SECOND HOSPITAL SURGEON: Well, I should say so. Why, the man will be well in a week if we don't.



He: WHY DOESN'T THAT ENGLISH GIRL COME ON DECK, AND BE WOODED BY THE BREEZES, TOO?

She: HER MOTHER WON'T LET HER. SHE HEARD THE CAPTAIN SAY THIS WAS A *trade* WIND.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DEMOCRAT: No. Mr. Percival's book, "Adventures Among the Hill Tribes," has nothing to do with the present political situation in New York State.

TWENTY GIRLS, PHILADELPHIA: We thank you for your appreciation of our efforts in behalf of the horse. Your affection for LIFE is reciprocated twenty-fold.

MEPHISTOPHELES: No. We have recovered from the grip. See you later.

AMBITIOUS: Address him care of his publishers. He has reduced the number from four hundred to one hundred and fifty. He will make his rates known on application.

R. B. H.: Of course you can't help your asininity. The fact that you are closely related to the Administration doesn't justify your making it conspicuous, though.



Lucretia (on the right): HE SAID YOU WUZ A CHUMP, AND A DECEIVER, AN' THAT YOU NEVER INTENDED TO MARRY ME. MAKE HIM SWOLLER HIS WORDS, JIMMY, MAKE HIM SWOLLER HIS WORDS!



"Now, see here, porter," said he briskly, "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about six o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep myself. But it is important that I should get out. Here's a \$5 gold piece. Now I may wake up hard, for I have been dining to-night and will probably feel rocky. Don't mind if I kick. Pay no attention if I'm ugly. I want you to put me off at Syracuse."

"Yes, sah," answered the sturdy Nubian, ramming the bright coin into his trousers pocket. "It shall be did, sah!"

The next morning the coin-giver was awakened by a stentorian voice calling: "Rochester! Thirty minutes for refreshments!"

"Rochester!" he exclaimed, sitting up. "Where is that — coon?"

Hastily slipping on his trousers, he went in search of the object of his wrath and found him in the porter's closet huddled up with his head in a bandage, his clothes torn, and his arm in a sling.

"Well," says the drummer, "you are a sight. Been in an accident? Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?"

"Wha-at!" ejaculated the porter, jumping to his feet, as his eyes bulged from his head. "Was you de gemman what guf ter me a five dollah gold piece?"

"Of course I was, you idiot!"

"Well, den, befoah de Lawd, who was dat gemman I put off at Syracuse!"—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

HORACE GREELEY, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," tells the following story:

"A gushing youth once wrote to this effect:

"Dear Sir—Among your literary treasures you have doubtless preserved several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar Allan Poe. If so, and you can spare one, please enclose it to me, and receive the thanks of yours truly,

"I promptly responded as follows:

"Dear Sir,—Among my literary treasures there happens to be exactly one autograph of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar Allan Poe. It is a note of hand for fifty dollars, with my endorsement across the back. It cost me exactly fifty dollars seventy-five cents, including protest, and you may have it for half that amount.—Yours respectfully,

"HORACE GREELEY."

"That autograph, I regret to say, remains in my hands, and it is still for sale at the original price."

Chapping,
Chafing, Dandruff,
Odors from Perspiration.
Speedy Relief by Using

**Packer's
Tar Soap.**

"It Soothes while it Cleanses."
Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila.

Lundborg's
FAMOUS PERFUMES

EDENIA
AND
Goya Lily.



COPYRIGHTED.

CELEBRATED HATS,

—AND—

Ladies' Round Hats and Bonnets and

The Dunlap Silk Umbrella.

178 & 180 Fifth Avenue, bet. 22d and 23d Sts.,

and 181 Broadway, near Cortlandt St.,

NEW YORK.

Palmer House, Chicago. 914 Chestnut St., Phila.

Agencies in all Principal Cities.

Gold Medal Awarded, Paris Exposition, 1889.

Only line from New York without
change for

Old Point Comfort

Steamships of the Old Dominion Line leaving New York Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 3 p. m., and Passengers at the Government Pier, Old Point Comfort, early following afternoon, making short and agreeable sea trips between New York and Old Point Comfort.

Tickets, \$8.00. Round Trip, \$13.00.

Stateroom and Meals Included.

Sailing from Pier 26, N. R. N. Y.

W. L. Guillaudon, Traffic Manager.

Spaulding & Co.

(Incorporated.)

Gold and Silversmiths.

We are all puzzled at times in making a suitable choice of a birthday or wedding present. Our "Suggestion Book," replete with ideas in gold, silverware and jewelry, is published to aid in making selections. We shall be pleased to mail it to anyone who will drop us a line.

State and Jackson Sts.,

Chicago, Ill.

36 Ave. de l'Opera,

Paris.

The excellence and beauty of the CUT GLASS made by J. HOARE & CO., Corning, N. Y., is proven by its extensive use by Messrs. Tiffany, Spaulding & Co. and the Gorham Co.

WHITING'S FINE PAPERS.

What is nicer than to have your stationery in good form? Every one who has used Whiting's elegant correspondence papers, concedes them to be the finest and most correct of all makes. They are made in all sizes and tints, and can be obtained of stationers generally.

WHITING PAPER CO., 150 and 152 Duane St., New York.



NOT TO BE CAUGHT UNPREPARED.

"MY FRIEND, I AM SORRY TO SEE YOU IN YOUR PRESENT STATE. TURN ASIDE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE. DO NOT THE HORRORS OF DELIRIUM TREMENS TERRIFY YOU?"

"DELIRIUM TREMENS BE HANGED; I MARRIED A SNAKE CHARMER!"



STRIKING A BARGAIN.

"VAT YOU SCHARGE FER DIS CHILD ON DE TRAIN?"

"NOTHING, AS HE'S UNDER FIVE YEARS."

"BUT HE TAKE OOP A SEAT SCHOOST LIKE I VAS."

"OH, WELL, WE LOSE THAT."

"SAY, HOW MOOCH YOU TAKE OFF MY TICKET EF I LEAVE DE KID AT HOME?"

Only \$1.00 a Year!

POSTAGE PAID.

FUN FOR 40 MINUTES

-AND-

INFORMATION FOR A MONTH

GO WITH EVERY COPY OF



Life's Monthly Calendar!

It tells you everything, and more, too. Rich and Poor may have it now,

as the price is only 10 cents, with

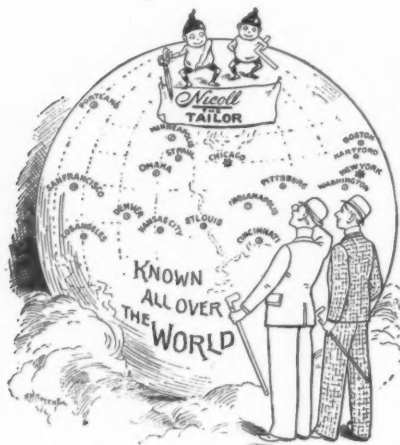
Copious Reading Matter

—AND—

Profuse Illustrations!

SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS.

WE admittedly do the largest and best Tailoring business in the world.



We make to order garments—make more—make them better—and for less money (quality and style considered) than *anybody*.

We buy largely—direct from best home and foreign mills, and ordinarily display from three to five thousand of the choicest fabrics obtainable.

We make Trousers to order, \$5 to \$15.

We make Suits and Overcoats, \$15 to \$50.

Many copy our prices—their garments are a poor copy of ours.

Our tailor stores are in every principal city, from Boston to San Francisco.

Our mail order department supplies persons residing outside the large cities.

Address our nearest store.

CHICAGO,
CLARK & ADAMS.
ST. PAUL,
7TH AND ROBERTS.

Nicoll
THE
TAILOR

BOSTON,
72 WASHINGTON ST.

CINCINNATI,
87-89 W. 5TH ST.

WASHINGTON,
618-617 PENN AVE.

KANSAS CITY,
916 MAIN ST.

HARTFORD,
60-62 ASYLUM ST.

NEW YORK
145-147 BOWERY

SAN FRANCISCO,
719 MARKET ST.

PORTLAND, ORE.,
126 FIRST ST.

ST. LOUIS,
712 OLIVE ST.

OMAHA,
207 S. 15TH ST.

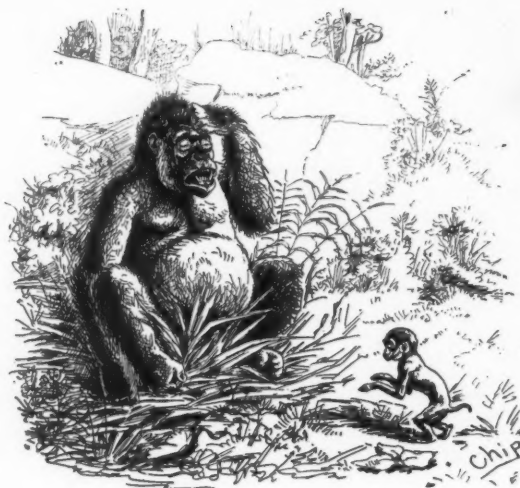
DENVER,
1848-50 LARIMER.

INDIANAPOLIS,
33-35 ILLINOIS ST.

PITTSBURG,
400 SMITHFIELD ST.

MINNEAPOLIS,
245 NICOLET AVE.

LOS ANGELES,
134 S. SPRING ST.



BORN WITH IT.

Gorilla (who has been out all night): I'VE GOT AN AWFUL HEAD ON ME!

Fresh Young Bunner Monk: RIGHT YOU ARE!



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 30 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 60c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 10c. also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
125 West 42nd Street, New York City.
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Fedora

DRESS SHIELDS. BEST IN THE WORLD. At Macy's, Bloomingdale's, Ridley's, Hearn's, and at all first-class stores.



Artists Who Get Rich

often give good advice. Artists who use the Air Brush are getting rich, and recommend it very strongly. It is distinctively an art tool, and saves time and labor and increases the excellence of the work. Write for illustrated catalogue. It will interest you.

AIR BRUSH MFG. CO.,
124 NASSAU ST. ROCKFORD, ILL., U. S. A.

LOWELL

Lowell Carpets have been justly celebrated for more than half a century. To protect buyers from deception, the word Lowell is woven in capital letters at each repeat of the pattern in the back of

LOWELL BRUSSELS AND WILTONS,

The best quality, designs, and coloring. The popular Lowell Ingrains are wound on a hollow stick, made in two solid pieces, a patented U. S. trade-mark.

CARPETS

EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS.

Fastest Train in the World,

EVERY DAY BUT SUNDAY.

NEW YORK to BUFFALO,

440 Miles in 504 Minutes.

52½ Miles per Hour

ACTUAL RUNNING TIME.

—VIA—

NEW YORK CENTRAL

"America's Greatest Railroad."